Numb. 564

The Daily Gazetteer.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14. 1737.

No. 562.

The Ship-News *which hitherto has been inſerted in the* DAILY JOURNAL, *will for the future be continued in* this Paper.

A Converſation at the Bedford Head, *between Mr.* Littledone, *Mr.* Featherhead, *Mr.* Whiffle, *and Mr.* Moody.

Littledone.

I AM fatigu'd to Death with to-Day's Debate. I really ſpoke more than my Conſtitution is able to bear; but if what I ſaid has made any Impreſſion, I ſhall not think much of ſacrificing my Health, or even my Life, for the Service of my Country.

Featherhead. Ay, dear Mr. *Littledone*, you ſpoke like an Angel, i'faith; you had nothing in your Mouth but Corruption and Bribery, and Bribery and Corruption; and you repeated them over ſo loud and ſo often, that you made the Houſe ring again.

Whiffle. I proteſt, Mr. *Littledone*, it is prodigious to think of the Multiplicity of Buſineſs that you go through: Why, now my L—d ——— has left the Kingdom, and Mr. ——— the Party, almoſt all the Patriotiſm in the Nation lies upon your Shoulders.

Moody. Zounds, Mr. *Whiffle*, are there no Patriots in the Nation then, but Mr. *Littledone*: What do you make of me? I hope you don't take me for a *Jacobite*.

Whiffle. No, no, Mr. *Moody*, don't be ſo haſty; I did not mean ſo: I know you are a very good Patriot now, as well as I, though we were once both of us *Jacobites*. But thoſe muſty Notions are now grown quite out of Faſhion; all the fine Gentlemen and Ladies are Republicans.

Featherhead. Ay, indeed, and ſo they be: I am a Republican myſelf, Mr. *Whiffle*.

Littledone. I may venture to tell you in Confidence, that a Commonwealth is the Thing that we are driving at, though we dare not avow ſo much publickly, for fear of giving Offence to ſome ſqueamiſh Stomachs, who join with us in the Means, but would leave us if they ſhould diſcover the End, which we are endeavouring to bring about. We muſt act with Prudence and Caution, as becomes wiſe and deep Politicians, and never reveal our main Deſign, till every Thing is ready for putting it in Execution.

Whiffle. Igad, I never knew ſo much before; but ſince Things are as they are, I don't much care if I am for a Commonwealth too: It is but trying it; and if we don't like it we may leave it.

Moody. Ay, ay, Mr. *Whiffle*, we all know you can change Sides upon Occaſion: You are no Slave to your Principles.

Whiffle. Dear Mr. *Moody*, don't be ſo ſevere upon your Friends: I hate Slavery in any Shape; and if I have changed Sides, I had my Reaſons for it, and that is more, perhaps, than ſome have had, who have done the ſame.

Moody. If you mean me, Sir, I muſt give you to underſtand, that what I did, I did upon Conviction and Conſcience. I never left the M——y till they left me: I voted in every Queſtion for them, till they refuſed to give my Son a Regiment of Dragoons; without any other Reaſon in the World, but becauſe, forſooth, it would put him over the Heads of older Officers; as if I asked it upon his Merit, and not upon my own.

Featherhead. Ay, faith and troth, they ſerved me juſt in the ſame Manner. I only asked them to make my Siſter a Maid of Honour, and they refus'd it, becauſe, they ſaid, ſhe was a married Woman; tho' I told them that her Husband and ſhe had been parted above ſix Months before, and that her Children ſhould never be any Burthen to them, for that I would take the Care of them upon myſelf.

Littledone. Yes, Gentlemen, I am very well acquainted with your Reſentments, and I think them grounded upon very juſt and ſolid Reaſons; but let me tell you, you do not ſtand alone in the ill Uſage you have received; almoſt every Patriot in the Nation has both the ſame Grounds of Complaint with yourſelves: Theſe are not Times for Merit to make its own Way; for if they had, I might have expected to have had the Offer of being Secretary of State. For, I think, I may ſay it without Vanity (which is a Thing I hate hate and deſpiſe) there is not a Man in the Nation fitter for that Imployment than myſelf.

All. No, no: Nobody ſo fit for it as Mr. *Littledone*.

Littledone. And yet, Gentlemen, when I apply'd to them for that, they had the Inſolence to tell me, that it was not yet to be diſpoſed of, but that there were then two pretty Places vacant, which they thought would ſuit me extreamly well, and that I might have which I would.

Moody. Zounds, what were they?

Littledone. Why, a *Gentleman Uſher's*, and a *Page's of the Back Stairs*.

Whiffle. A-lack a-day, Mr. *Littledone*, why did not you let me know of it; they would have fitted me to a hair; I vow, I think, I ſhould have been reconciled to the Court, if either of thoſe Places had been given to me.

Littledone. Pho, pho, Mr. *Whiffle*, you are much better without them; it is much more honourable, ſurely, to be a *Patriot*, than a *Page of the Back Stairs*.

Featherhead. Now dear, Mr. *Littledone*, if any ſuch thing ſhould offer when you are in the *Miniſtry*, I hope you won't forget Mr. *Whiffle* and me.

Littledone. You may depend upon it, I won't; I will take care of all my Friends; I will not be like ſome Perſons that I could name, who as ſoon as they have got to the Top themſelves, will kick the Ladder down to prevent others from climbing.

Moody. Ay, Pox, you *great Men* always ſay ſo, 'till your Purpoſes are anſwered; but when once you get into Power, you ſerve us as the Huntſman does his Dogs, you will hardly let us have a Lick at the Hare, after we have hunted her down for you.

Littledone. Nay, good Mr. *Moody*, tho' I own I am a *great Man*, yet you ſhall never find me forgetful of my Friends; I will give all that are *Patriots* now, Places, tho' I make all that have Places now, *Patriots*.

Whiffle. Well, well, ſince there is nothing to be done at preſent, we muſt e'en wait till better Times; tho' the laſt Election has put my Finances into confounded Diſorder, and I am afraid I ſhall never be able to ſupport the *Country Intereſt* longer, without I have ſomething at *Court*.

Littledone. Patience is the cardinal Virtue of a *Patriot*; tho' perhaps thoſe better Times are not ſo far off, as you apprehend; I have got a Scheme for effectually demoliſhing the M——y; which Mr. *D'Anvers* has been ſo long labouring at in vain; but I muſt own, he is grown an intolerable dull Rogue of late; he has neither Wit nor Spirit, ſince his Patrons have left him to himſelf, and there is no manner of Good to be expected from him: I have therefore reſolved to ſet up a *Weekly Journal* myſelf, and in order to raiſe the Curioſity of the Publick, I intend to give it a very odd Title, which has no relation at all to the Deſign, or Subject-matter of it.

Featherhead. That will be new and pretty; pray, what may it be, Mr. *Littledone*?

Littledone. I took the Hint from that ingenious Perſon, and my very good Friend, the Author of *Paſquin*; I intend to call it *Common Senſe*.

Moody. s'Death, by the Title, the World will take it to come from the M——y, and our Party will light their Pipes with it, without looking into it.

Littledone. No, I have taken ſufficient Care to guard againſt that; the very firſt Paper will ſhew, that there never can be a Word of *common Senſe* in it.

Featherhead. That's pure, indeed; if that is the Caſe, I will write a Paper now and then myſelf.

Littledone. I ſhall be obliged to you for your Aſſiſtance; but I propoſe to eſtabliſh a Society, where every Member, according to his different Taſte and Talents, ſhall be obliged, at certain ſtated Times, to bring in ſomething, for promoting the common Cauſe. Thoſe that have not Leiſure or Inclination to write longer Things, may exerciſe their Wit in *Songs* and *Epigrams*; for a *Piſtol* may ſometimes do as much Execution as a *Blunderbuſs*.

Moody. Songs and Epigrams! Zounds, Sir, do you think the M——y are to be ſung or rhym'd out of their Places? Would you draw up your Articles of Impoachment in Metre?

Littledone. Have Patience, dear Mr. *Moody*; tho' you have no Grounds at all for the one, yet no M——r's Conduct was ever ſo juſt and upright, but you could always find Matter enough for the other: I do not ſay, that every Lampoon can be turned into an Indictment, but the former has this Advantage over the latter, that you may ſay what you will againſt any Man, without being expected to prove it; for you know, as the Poet has it, *that nobody is obliged to ſwear to the Truth of a Song*; tho' they are to the Truth of an Indictment.

Featherhead. Igad, and that's right; and I wiſh with all my Heart, Mr. *Littledone*, the next Debate there is, that inſtead of making a Speech, you would ſing a Ballad; I am ſure you would be better heard, and it would be of more Advantage to the Oppoſition.

Littledone. Sir, I can ſing, ſpeak and write too, when the Service of my Country requires me; my Works lie upon every Lady's Toilet in the Kingdom; my Speeches are printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and every Body knows I am famous both for a *good Manner*, and a *good Voice*.

Featherhead. Dear Mr. *Littledone*, how do you get your Speeches printed? Are they printed exactly in the ſame Manner as you read them out of your Hat?

Littledone. Exactly; I ſend them to the Preſs myſelf, and to prevent any Errors, I always Reviſe them, before they are printed off.

Featherhead. Will they not print a Speech, Mr. *Littledone*, that was *intended* to be ſpoke? If they will do that, I will ſend mine to be printed too.

Moody. Ay, ay, many Speeches are printed there that never were ſpoke; and many Perſons Names are ſet down as Speakers, who never could ſpeak at all.

Whiffle. But pray, Mr. *Littledone*, let us know when you propoſe to get into the M——y, for I profeſs, if there is not a Turn in Affairs ſoon, I muſt change Sides; I cannot poſſibly wait any longer.

Littledone. I have all my Engines at work, Mr. *Whiffle*; I will ſpare no Pains to effect that good Purpoſe, I'll aſſure you; for to tell you the Truth, I am as Impatient till it is done, as you can be. I have ſpoke to all the Writers for the Stage, of my Acquaintance, to put into their Plays all the ſtrong Things they can think of againſt Courts and Miniſters, and Places and Penſions, and all that; and they have hit my Humour to a Tittle; they have not ſpared them an Ace; the *Miller of Mansfield*, and the *Hiſtorical Regiſter*, have tickled them off i'faith; and in order to finiſh the Blow, I have juſt finiſhed a Volume of Letters, from a broken *Stockjobber* in *London*, to a *Jew Uſurer* at *Iſpahan*; in which all the Springs of Action, the Conduct of our M——y, and the Policy of the *Engliſh* Government, will be laid open, in their proper Colours, I'll promiſe you.

Moody. What Idle Stuff is this? What the Devil can a broken *Stockjobber* know of the Springs of Action? or what has a *Jew Uſurer* at *Iſpahan*, to do with the Conduct of our M——y, or the Policy of the *Engliſh* Government? Good Night to you, Mr. *Littledone*; if the M——y ſubſiſts till you demoliſh it, I doubt I ſhall never live to ſee the End of it.

Whiffle. Faith and Troth, I ſaw I have been in the wrong Box all this while: Pray, Mr. *Moody*, take me with you: Hang it, I hate theſe Patriots; there is great Cry and little Wool.

Featherhead. Mr. *Littledone*, your moſt obedient, humble Servant; I muſt go with my Friends: However, if you ſhould ever be impeached for being in a Plot, I'll promiſe you, I'll give my Vote to acquit you.

Littledone. It is very well, Gentlemen; I can do without your Aſſiſtance; but you may depend upon having ſome Stroaks of Satyr upon you, the next new Thing that is acted in the *Hay-Market*: And in the mean Time, I'll have you ſtruck out of my *Pack of Patriots*, and put into my *Pack of Politicians*.

Ipſwich, April 3. On Sunday laſt died the Reverend Mr. Robert Beaumont, A. M. Miniſter of the Pariſh of St. Laurence in this Town, in the 50th Year of his Age; the Loſs of whom is very much lamented.

lamented, not only by his Relations and Parishioners, to whom he had endeared himself in an extraordinary Manner, but by the whole Town, and all who knew him. He was a Gentleman of good Learning, most exemplary Piety, and universal Charity; conscientiously laborious in his Parochial Function, and of most courteous and obliging Deportment in every Action of his Life.

Last Wednesday John Wallage and John Bicker, were executed at Bury St. Edmund's for House-breaking: Wallage seemed very penitent, and confessed the Crime for which he died; Bicker died with more Courage; but they both made large Confessions of several Robberies, and their Accomplices; Crisp, who was to have suffered with them, was reprieved the Night before. Yesterday was committed to our Gaol, one Jonathan Clements, for robbing Mr. Edmund Juby of Sylcham, and stealing out of his House 13 Five Shilling Pieces and some Shillings: Likewise were committed at the same Time John Hawes and Thomas Shreeve, for breaking a Chamber of John Thurston, Esq; at Hoxne, and stealing a large Quantity of Fruit.

PORT NEWS.

Leghorn, April 8. *N. S.* On the 2d Instant arrived the Peterborough, Nansum, from London, and the Falmouth Dragon, Bell, from Scanderoon; on the 5th, the Good Intention, Quarme, from Hamburgh; on the 6th, the Dummer, Boyle, from Alexandria; the Leghorn Brig. Brock, from Chester; the Good Hope, Warmisham, from Liverpool; on the 7th, the St. Peter, Stephens, from Amsterdam. On the 4th, sailed the Champion, Hutchins, for Naples; the Delitia, Whitewood, for Alexandria; the Alicant, Elliot, for Civita Vecchia; the Britannia, Gale, for Ancona; the Annuntiation, Devereng, for Cadiz; the Thomas, Semmons, for Palermo; on the 5th, the Goodfellow, Sanders, for London; the Lyon, Hinman, for Genoa; the Augustus Cæsar, Hampton, and the Switzer, Bogie, for London; the Minny, Eaves, for Naples; the Happy Jennet, Green, for Gallipoly; the William, Staples, for Alexandria; on the 6th, the Providence, Mellish, for ditto, and the Talbot, Etherington, for Smyrna.

Cadiz, April 2. On the 26th ult. arrived the Diamond, Dale, from Bristol; the William and Mary, Collender, from Waterford; the Providence, Gibbons, from Dungarvan; the Happy Deliverance, Corbit, from Limerick; the Thomas and John, Hampsted, from Calais; the Margaret, Miln, and the Indian Queen, Ferguson, from St. Valery; the Matthew, Fenwick, from Genoa; the Suecia, Capt. John Lawrence Rottenburgh, from Gottenburg for China; on the 27th, the Content, Williams, from St. Sebastians; the Mary and Joseph, Richards, from Cork; the Joseph, Atkinson, from Rotterdam; the Prosperity, Kemp, from Calais, and sailed the 29th for Seville; the St Augustine, Blake, from Gallway; on the 30th, the Mary and Betty, Partis, for Liverpool; the Nancy, Forstall, from Lisbon; the Letchlade, Gill, from New England; on the 31st the Batchelor's Adventure, Rice, from Hamburgh. On the 26th sailed the John and Sarah, Moyse, and the Batchelor, Warnes, for London; on the 27th, the Charming Betty, Staples, for the North; on the 28th, the Eagle, Perchard, for the Streights; the Lusitania, Southett, for the North; on the 31st, the Dispatch, Ingo, for Alicant and Barcelona. On the first Inst. the Love and Unity, Boutflower, for Hamburgh; the Trial, Wentworth, for New England; the William and Thomas, Picott, for Ostend; the Thomas and Susanna, Bloom, for Lynn; the Sarah, Taverner, the Rose, Godding, and the Constant Jane, Byack, for the North.

Falmouth, April 9. Since my last came in the Santry, Fitz Patrick, from Cette for Havre de Grace; the St. Catherine, Roberts, from Rotterdam for the Canaries; the Hope, Stroome, from Norway for Truro. Remains the Hanover Packet, for Lisbon, and the Townshend, for Corunna. Wind S. E.

Dartmouth, April 10. Yesterday sailed hence, with the Wind at S. S. W. the Hansley, Holman, of Ramsgate, from St. Remo for the Baltick; the Mary, Wood, of and for London, from Barcelona; and the Philip and Ann, Bowell, of and for London, from Figuira. This Day came in the Providence, Bugg, of and from Longsound in Norway, for a Market. Wind S.

Pool, April 11. Just now sailed hence the Success, Jolliffe, of this Port, with Corn for Cadiz.

Cowes, April 11. On the 9th sailed the Carolina, Gibbs, for Bremen; the Duke of Lorain, Bals, and the Hanover, Adams, both from Hamburgh, and all from Carolina.

Deal, April 12. Came down and sailed, the Flye, Dewstoe, for Falmouth; the Crawford, Harrison, for Dublin; the Prince, Bowles, for Chester, and the Hare, Baker, for Carthagena. Arrived the Buckstone, Walmsley, from the Isle of May; the Duke of Lorain, Bals, from South Carolina, last from Cowes, for Hamburgh. Remains the St. Quintin, Pettit, and the Francis, Abbot, for the East. 'Twas not the Goodfellow, Sanders, which arrived Yesterday in the Downs; but the Falcon, Sanders, from Lisbon. Wind N. E.

Gravesend, April 12. Passed by the Good Mary, Dasell, from Havre de Grace; the Swan, Ellis, from Oporto; the Daniel and John, Sempier, from Guernsey; the Ramsgate, Nathaniel, from Figuira; the Menabilly, Blake, from Lisbon; the Charles, Holms, from Oporto; the Falcon, Sanders, and the Arabella, Hooper, from Lisbon; the Romney Marsh, Basset, from Seville; the Thomas and Mary, Mercer, from Faro.

LONDON.

Yesterday arrived a Mail from France, by which there's an Account, That great Preparations are making for the Baptism of the Dauphin, and the Princesses of France his Sisters: That the Ceremony is to be perform'd by the Cardinal de Rohan, the Great Almoner of France; that the Duke of Orleans and her Royal Highness his Mother, are to be Sureties for the Dauphin; that the nearest Princes and Princesses of the Blood, are to be Sureties for his Sisters the young Princesses; that none will be admitted into the Chapel without Tickets; and that the Ambassadors, and other Foreign Ministers, are to have particular Places provided for them to see the Ceremony.

M. d'Argenson, who is lately appointed not *Licenser of the Press*, but *Corrector of the Booksellers and Printers*, has begun his new Office with an Act of Authority, which has made the most audacious of them tremble. Being inform'd that a Bookseller at Amiens had caused the *Provincial Letters*, and other Books of that Stamp to be reprinted, he complain'd of it to the Chancellor; whereupon an Order was issued, which was in a few Days after put in Execution, That for stopping the Progress of so many mischievous Books with which the World is over-run, all the worst Copies should be burnt on the Spot, the rest should be sold for the Benefit of the Poor, and the Bookseller banish'd.

They write from Petersburgh, That it having been resolv'd in a Great Council of War, for the Russian Army to advance near the Enemy, in Order to force them to a decisive Battle, before they have drawn all their Forces together, and the Heavy Artillery, consisting of 140 Cannon, and 60 Mortars, being actually arriv'd in the Muscovite Camp, their Troops are assembling to open the Campaign.

The Letters add, That a Discovery being made that several of the chief Bojars, or great Men, were concerned in the late Conspiracy, and that their Design was to make away with Duke Anthony Ulrick of Brunswick, an Order is publish'd by the Czarina, that if any one who has Knowledge of the Conspiracy, tho' he be an Accomplice, and will declare the whole Truth, shall be safe in his Life, Honour, and Estate.

To-morrow the 15th of April is the Birth-Day of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, who then enters the seventeenth Year of his Age.

Yesterday began the General Quarter-Sessions of the Peace for the City and Liberty of Westminster, at Westminster-Hall, where Sir John Gonson, the Chairman of that Sessions, opened the same, with an Excellent and Learned Charge to the Grand Jury.

At the said Sessions, Mr. Arthur Rawlinson took the Oaths, to qualify himself as High Constable for the said City and Liberty for the Year ensuing.

This Day the Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, meet at Westminster-Hall.

Mrs. Mills is appointed Carpenter of Westminster-Abbey, in the Room of her Husband, deceased.

Yesterday Morning a Boat going thro' London-Bridge was overset, and a Woman and a Boy were drowned; but the Waterman and his Boy were saved by a Boat that went off to their Assistance.

Yesterday the Wind blew hard, and it being full East, several Boats were overset between Fulham and the Neat-houses, Westminster, and Eight or Nine Persons drowned.

On Tuesday last, about Four o'Clock in the Afternoon, the Wind being very high, and the Tide rough, two Boats were overset near Deptford, and thirteen Passengers were drowned; there were four more had like to have shared the same Fate, but with great Difficulty were saved, by some Boats coming to their Assistance.

Yesterday a Man was committed to Newgate, by Justice Blackerby, for stealing a Grey Mare, value thirty Pounds.

The Right Honourable the Lord North, one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has purchased the large House in Grosvenor-street, that the late Mis Vane lived in, for 3000 Pounds.

Bank Stock 144 3-4ths, 145 to 146. Indm 1:8. South Sea 99. Old Annuity 108 1-half to 3 4ths. New Ditto 107 1-half, 3-4ths. Three per Cent. 104 to 1-4th. Emperor's Loan 115 1-half to 3-4ths. Royal Assurance 107 3-4ths. London Assurance 12 3-4ths. African 14. India Bonds 5 l. 10 s. Prem. South Sea ditto 2 l. 10 s. Prem. Bank Circulation 2 l. Premium. Salt Tallies 1 1 half to 4 Prem. English Copper 2 l. 12 s. to 15 s. Welsh ditto, no Price. Three 1-half per Cent. Exchequer Orders 6 to 1-half per Cent. Prem. Three per Cent. ditto 1 1-4th per Cent. Premium. Million Bank 120.

Bow Church-yard, Nov. 3, 1736.

MR. THOMAS COBB, Printer and Engraver, who married the Widow of the late Mr. JOHN CLUER, at the Maiden-head, the lower End of Bow Church-yard, in Cheapside, London, having assigned and sold the said Printing-house and Business to his Brother-in-law WILLIAM DICEY,

This Publick Notice is given,

That *WILLIAM DICEY*, for Himself, and his Son *CLUER DICEY*, being provided with complete Sets of new Types, and all other Materials, carry on, in the most expeditious Manner, all Business, both in the LETTER and ROLLING-PRESS Way.

Also Shopkeepers, and others, may there have curiously ENGRAVED (as well as Printed) *Sign Plates, Bills of Parcels*, or any other Business, either in *Wood* or *Copper*.

Note, The wholesale and retale Warehouse for dispensing *Dr. BATEMAN's* PECTORAL DROPS, for the Encouragement and more beneficial Use of which Sovereign Chymical Medicine, his Majesty hath granted his Letters Patent under the Great Seal of Great Britain, is continued and carried on in London, only by the said WILLIAM DICEY and BENJAMIN OKELL, the Patentee, at the Printing Office in Bow Church-yard aforesaid: Where all Merchants, for Transportation, Shopkeepers, and others, for Sale or charitable Use, may be supplied, with good Allowance.

Note also, That such Shopkeepers, &c. as cannot with Conveniency be served from London, may have their Orders obeyed, by directing or sending *To WILLIAM DICEY, at his Warehouse in NORTHAMPTON*: At both which Places a Book of the Virtues and Use of the said DROPS may be had gratis.

WHereas it has been advertised in this Paper, that William Allen, and Thomas Taylor, of Bury St. Edmund's, design'd to take their Stage-Coaches off the Essex Road, and send them by Newmarket to and from London: This is to inform all Persons, that the said William Allen and Thomas Taylor, are now resolv'd to keep to the Essex Road as usual, and not go by Newmarket.

The Bury and Yarmouth fleet out every Tuesday, the Bury and Lynn every Thursday, and the Bury every Saturday, from the Green Dragon or Black Bullin Bishopsgate-street, London, all this Summer.

On Monday, the 2d of May, will be published,

In 4 Vols. in 8vo. beautifully printed,

The SECOND EDITION, *Corrected, of*

THE WORKS of TACITUS, translated into English: With large Political Discourses.

By THOMAS GORDON, Esq;

Printed for T. Woodward, at the Half-Moon between the Temple Gates in Fleet-street; and J. Peele at Locke's Head in Amen-Corner, Pater-noster-Row.

An immediate and never-failing CURE *for* Deafness, Thickness of Hearing, Noise or Pain in the Ears, *&c.*

BY a noble Chymical Preparation, the most excellent Medicine for this Purpose that ever was known, which so far exceeds any thing ever yet published, or made Use of, that there is no Comparison; its Virtues are beyond Expression, and cannot be truly known but by Experience: Words come short of its just Praise.

It is a certain, and, as it were, an instant Cure for Deafness, Thickness of Hearing, Noise or Pain in the Ears, from what Cause soever, or of ever so long standing, having cured Numbers of Persons of both Sexes, and all Ages, that have been in a manner totally deaf, after all other Means and Medicines, external and internal, by Advice, and also by Publication, have failed, with the greatest Ease and Safety, and to the utmost Satisfaction and Wonder; for,

In a peculiar Manner it strengthens, softens, and loosens the Drum of the Ear, which by being cried, or shrivel'd, is often the first, and chief Cause of every Complaint of want of Hearing, or of Noise, or Pain in the Ears, &c. To remedy which, this noble Medicine is a true Specifick, that never fails perfectly to cure all possibly curable Cases, after all Means and Medicine have utterly failed; which is more than can be said of any other Thing in the whole World besides it self: And a Cold in the Head, or any Hurt by congealed Matter in the Ears, it instantly cures.

It is sold for 3 s. 6 d. each Bottle, by the Author's special Appointment, at Mr. Richards's Tinshop, the Sign of the Black Horse and Star, in Fleet-street, near Fleet-bridge, and no where else in England.

LONDON Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-Row*.